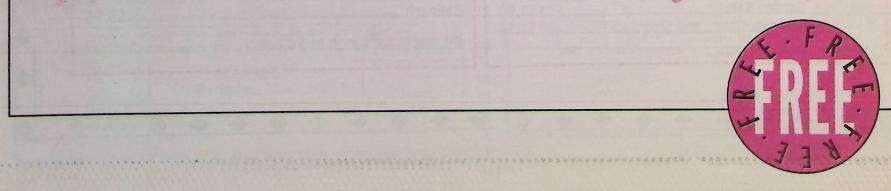


the valley COIVII

FEATURES: THE FAR SIDE, DOONESBURY,
CALVIN & HOBBES, VIEWS OF THE WORLD,
JOE BOB BRIGGS, LEOLD, THIS MODERN WORLD,
TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT, EARTHWEEK,
IZZY GESELL'S HUMOR ME,
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ASIDE

STORIES: An American Tune
Conventional Wisdom
Nobody Knows You....
Russian Pressing
Friendly Fire
Other Stuff



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PAGETHREE by Mike Chrisman

Hello again, American teenagers, and welcome to another episode of "Ancient

History, When Your Parents Were Kids." Today's topic is Sneakers.

The problem with you teenagers today is you don't know what it was like before sneakers became part of your parents' investment portfolio. Centuries ago, kids weren't on a first-name basis with our shoes. We would no more holler, "Mom, where's my Thom McAns?" than our moms would have asked, "Honey, can you answer the AT&T? I'm busy taking some Swanson's out of the Kenmore." Used to be they weren't even called "sneakers". They were "tennis shoes" — or when I was in grade school, and only Pancho Gonzalez and a bunch of Australians played tennis — "gym shoes". You brought them to school; you hung them so they dangled out of the way under your desk (because you were kind of embarrased by them), you put them on when you went outside to recess; you took them off when Mrs. Miller rang the bell for you to come back in. In high school it was exactly the same, except then you kept them in your gym locker, where they could grow microbes that might be important to the Defense Department.

But I'll let you kids imagine how life was in the eons before zillionaire athletes sold shoes, by using a literary device we writers call "parallellism". Parallelism is like when your parents say, "I don't want you to shovel food in your mouth that way, because your cousin Stanley used to eat like that, and then he only got 400's on his SAT's." It's called parallelism because wise mathematicians have said parallel lines meet in infinity, and we just have to accept that, even though we know it's wacked-out nonsense.

To illustrate: imagine the most common, boring, run-of-the-mill thing you meet up with during your regular day ("Dad" is not an acceptable answer). I suggest we use the example of the pencil. What could be more humdrum?

Now, imagine Doc Brown takes you along with Michael J. McFly some forty years into the Future, and in every magazine you read, during every TV show, on the side of every people-moving device, you find extremely sexy and state-of-the-art advertisements for pencils. People you meet in the Future don't go anywhere without at least one of their designer pencils. The World Series is sponsored by pencil manufacturers, and commercials show the Series' MVP autographing baseballs with the sponsor's pencil. Michael Jordan, finishing his second term as President, signs all the nation's legislation with the new, hot pencil that kids everywhere are demanding for Christmas. During prime time, commercials show a hunk actor, playing a suave architect, looking meaningfully across his drawing board at a babe actress, playing another suave architect, who says, "All my men use a Blackfoot #2."

If you went into the Future and saw all this stuff, you'd probably have one of two reactions: 1) These people don't have all their oars in the water; nobody gives a rodent's butt for pencils! 2) Man, when I get back to the Present, I gotta buy up some serious pencil stock.

Believe me, students, this is *exactly* how your parents feel when you ask for a wheelbarrow full of money to buy new LA Nikeboks. When your parents turn pale and scream, "How much??!!" it's because when they were your age they bought a car for that much.

I hope this lesson has helped you see the historical connection between gym shoes and pencils. And if it hasn't, well...I'll bet you don't believe parallel lines ever meet in infinity, either.

The Valley Comic News

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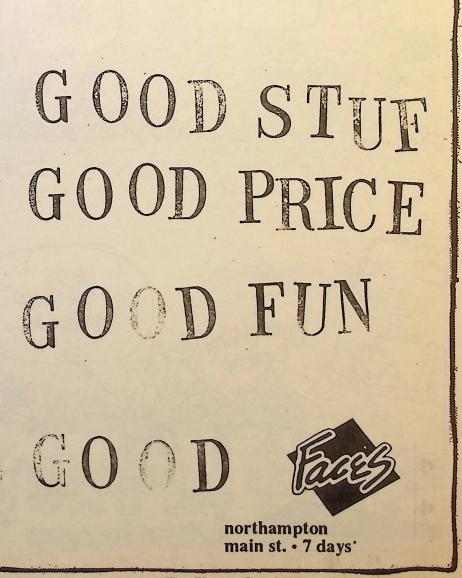
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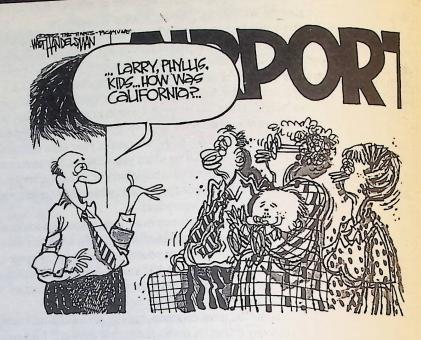
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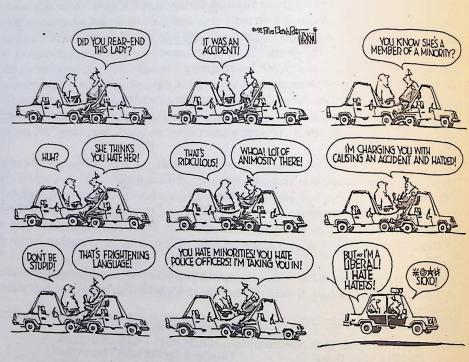


An American Tune













NEW YORKER

After Tina

CONVENTIONAL WISDOM

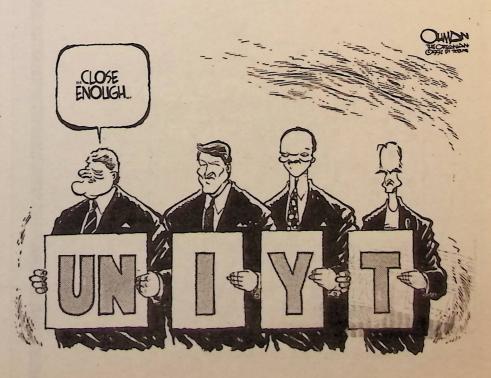












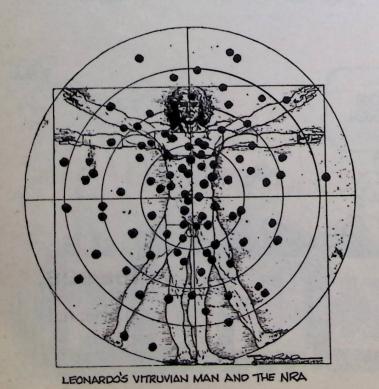
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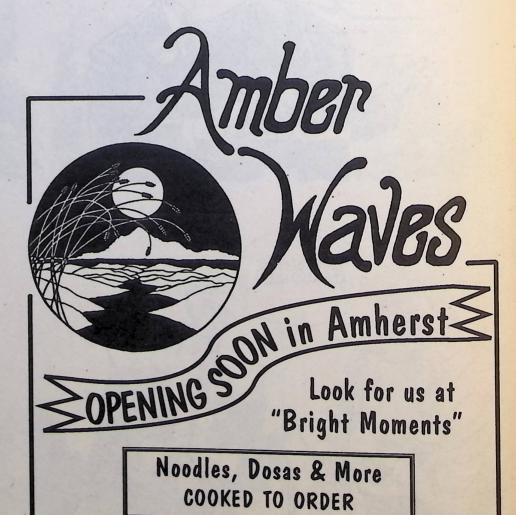
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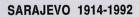
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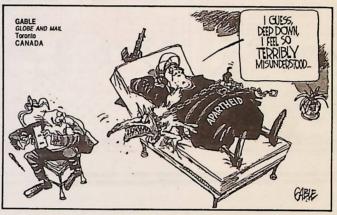
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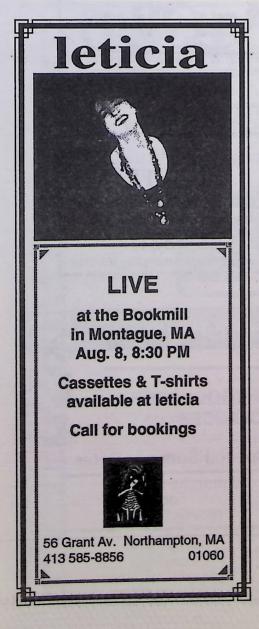
















THIS MODERN WORLD BY TOM TOMORROW

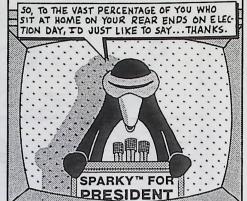
MODERN WORL

OTOM TOMORROW 92

OBVIOUSLY, TELLING THE TRUTH WOULD NOT BE A VERY EFFECTIVE ELECTION STRATEGY FOR THE REPUBLICANS...

IN THE 1988 PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION, LESS THAN HALF OF THIS (OUNTRY'S ELIGIBLE VOTERS ACTUALLY BOTHERED TO SHOW UP AT THE POLLS. THE NUMBERS WERE SIMILARLY APPALLING FOR THE SO-CALLED LANDSLIDE VICTORIES ENJOYED BY MR. REAGAN.

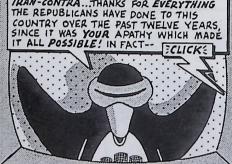




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...50 IT IS NECESSARY FOR THEM TO INTRO-DUCE MEANINGLESS BUZZWORDS INTO THE POLITICAL DEBATE -- WHICH DAN QUAYLE WAS DOING RATHER SUCCESSFULLY UNTIL HIS UNFORTUNATE RUN-IN WITH A POTATO...





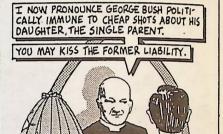


FAMILY VALUES...THE MEDIA TOOK THE BAIT WITH GUSTO--ESPECIALLY NEWSWEEK MAGAZINE, WHICH MUSED: "DAN QUAYLE SEEMS TO HAVE NUDGED PRESIDENTIAL POLITICS PERILOUSLY CLOSE TO SOMETHING THAT REALLY MATTERS..."

YES! IT'S MUCH MORE IMPORTANT FOR THE CANDIDATES TO DISCUSS "FAMILY VALUES" THAN, SAY, THE IMPENDING COLLAPSE OF OUR NATION'S BANKING SYSTEM...



MEANWHILE, AS HER FATHER'S CAMPAIGN VILI-FIED SINGLE MOTHERS, DOROTHY BUSH LEBLAND A DIVORCED MOTHER OF TWO, WAS QUIETLY RE-MARRIED (ALBEIT, IRONICALLY, TO A DEMOCRAT)...









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TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT by L.M. Boyd

Q. What kind of fish lays rectangular eggs?

A. The swell shark. That's the one that blows itself up like a balloon to scare off other fish.

A touring piano player who works hotels says he carries two thick phone books. All hotel pianos, he says, sit high on rollers. One phone book goes under the foot pedals. The other goes under him.

Geckos are weird. Some bear their young live. Others lay eggs in pairs.

The rain in Spain does not fall mainly on the plain. The plains are mainly high and dry. The rain in Spain falls mainly in the mountains.

The stingray's tail is a double weapon: it cuts flesh and injects poison.

Q. Native Greenlanders live in wooden shelters. But there aren't any trees on Greenland. So what kind of wood is it?

A. Siberian driftwood, mostly.

Doctors say a sex change operation ages a person abut five years.

The suicide rate among compulsive gamblers is 125 percent higher than it is for the general population.

Get to bed by 9 p.m. at least one night a week. That's the advice of a mental health specialist. On that catch-up night, the extra sleep is supposed to mend what it failed to fix on the other six nights.

The eyes of spiders glow in the dark when you shine a light on them.

A circus elephant needs a vegetable oil rubdown at least twice a year.

Better not believe the experts when they tell you the grownup alligator has no natural enemies besides man. The fish known as the alligator gar is said to be able to kill an alligator with one bite.

The four oldest words in English are "gold," "apple," "tin," and "bad."

According to the Congressional Record, almost a third of all the new laws passed in 1991 specified some day, week, month, year, or decade to celebrate, such as Mushroom Month or Country Music Month. Report is that 38 percent of first marriages end in divorce now, and 43 percent of the second marriages.

Countless people will argue your claim that milk is heavier than cream.

The tarantula can go up to two and a half years without eating anything.

When you were 20, your brain, if typical, was heavier than it ever was or ever will be. Brainologists make the point that it's not the weight of your brain that counts, but the weight of what's in it.

Here's how President Harry Truman opened his first press conference: "Pray for me, boys."

A hummingbird's wings beat 55 times a second when feeding, 200 times a second when courting.

Communication linesfolk say a fifth of the telephone pole should be underground.

One out of every five people in Australia was born on some other continent Young salmon go downstream tail first.

Most languages of the South Seas permit the speaker to deliver about 50 syllables a minute. You get some idea of how slow this is when you know the typical American speaks 220 syllables a minute while the average Frenchman utters 350.

Q. How come you can see a star a little more clearly if you look not directly at it but right next to it?

A. Outer edges of your eye's retina tend to be more sensitive to light than the retina's center.

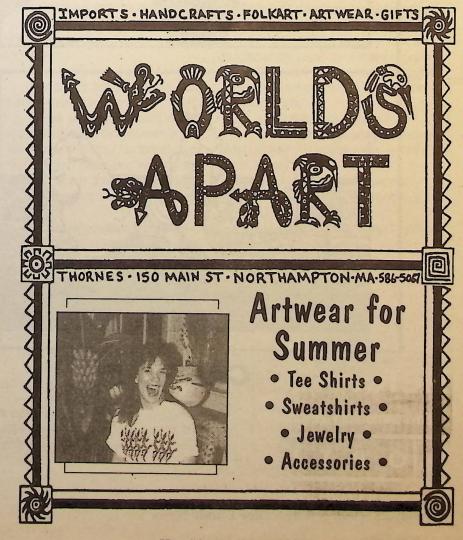
Q. Only two Americans have been nominated for the presidency and defeated three times. Who were they?

A. Henry Clay and William Jennings Bryan.

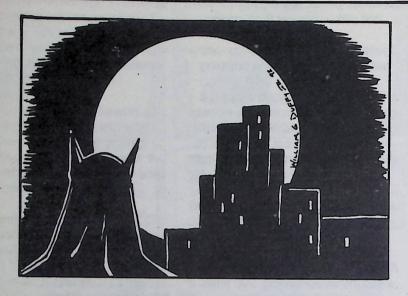
People who sell pets say iguanas are moving well these days. Upkeep costs are low, evidently. They're listed among the "econo-pets" along with cats and terriers.

Police cars in Salem, Mass., have pictures of witches on the doors.

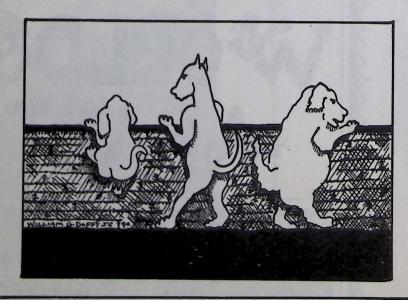




THINK'R



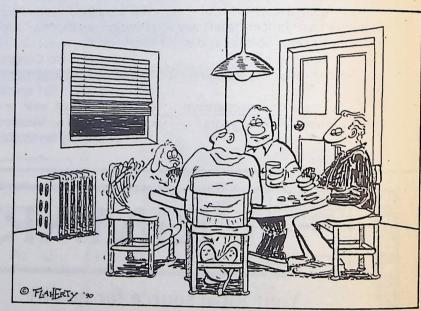




Cat Scan



AS THE BOYS LOOKED DOWN,
THEY REALIZED THAT THE PREDICTIONS
OF THEIR ELDERS HAD COME
TO BE, THEY HAD POINKED AN
EYE OUT.



Why dogs never win at poker.

dog feathers by Giles Hopkins



IT WAS BILLY'S RESPONSIBILITY TO PUT THE CAT OUT.

People ask me, "Joe Bob, is your name really Joe Bob?"

And I always have to fess up. I wasn't born "Joe Bob." I'm the first person in human history to be named "Joe Bob" by choice.

And then they say, "So how'd you choose that name anyhow?"

And so I thought I'd explain it once and for all, for everybody who's curious.

I chose the name because it sounds Southern, it sounds poor, and it sounds like it comes from an uneducated background. In other words, I chose a name that I thought everyone could feel superior to. Because, like it or not, there's a deeply ingrained prejudice in America against people from the South, people who are poor, and people who have no education.

And then I just started saying all the things I would normally say anyway, making jokes about everyone and everything, taking on any and all comers, but because I have the name "Joe Bob," it became very easy to spot the bigots.

They're the ones who don't listen to what I say. They just say, "Consider the source — it's a guy named 'Joe Bob."

And this is fine with me — because, once you're kissed off as beneath contempt by all the fine upstanding bigots (many of whom are "liberal," by the way), then you end up with an audience of people who don't care about names. They're the *real* liberal thinkers. They're listeners, not judgers.

I get these letters all the time: "Why do you pick on women?" Why do you pick on Minorities?" Why do you pick on Anita Hill?" (In fact, I got a mountain of Anita Hill letters, just because I said that Anita oughta start filing those sexual harassment complaints a little quicker than ten years down the road.) "Why are you homophobic?" (I don't even know what "homophobic" means.)

But the fact is, I don't pick on anybody.

Lemme correct that. I pick on everybody. I put a machine gun up on a swivel and hit 30 targets, without regard

to any political opinion. This is what drives people crazy. They want me to have a political point of view. They keep trying to figure out what my political point of view is.

Listen to me: I don't have any political opinions. None. Zero. Nada.

I just think what human beans do to one another is very funny.

So, I put the machine gun up on the swivel, and about one in thirty people will scream. Whenever somebody screams, I fire at 'em thirty more times.

That's how you *identify* the sacred cow, then *execute* the sacred cow.

The people who scream are the people who say, "You can joke about them. I understand that. But you can't joke about these helpless people." And by "helpless people," they mean the particular interest group they represent — somebody who's been wronged, or abused, or hurt in the past.

And what they don't realize is that we're all helpless. We're all a lot less powerful and in control and together than we think. That's what makes

us funny.

And nobody is more helpless than "Joe Bob." In New York City, for example, all I have to do is tell people the name, and they not only laugh, they go into a mocking, fake Southern drawl.

I don't get mad, even though I'm from the South and I don't think the way we talk is particularly funny.

They find my behavior funny.
I find their behavior funny.
We're even.

That's why I'm Joe Bob. When you start on the bottom rung, you can't really be insulted. From down here where I look at everything, you enjoy yourself more.

To discuss the meaning of life with Joe Bob, or to get his world-famous newsletter, write Joe Bob Briggs, P.O. Box 2002, Dallas, TX 75221. Joe Bob's fax line is always open: 214-368-2310. COPYRIGHT 1992 CREATORS SYNDICATE, INC.

JOE BOB BRIGGS PART II

Have you heard about these fat women who started the new protest group — the "We Have the Right To Be Fat If We Want To" women?

The idea is that they've been going on diets all their lives, slimming down, blimping up, slimming down, pigging out, getting skinny, puffing out like a Pop-Tart — and now they're all confused and screwed up and unhealthy, and so they're not going to take it anymore. And they've got all kinds of professors on their side, who say that diets are destroying their lives.

I think this is great. I think you oughta be whatever you wanna be. When I was growing up, the neighborhood was full of fat women, and fat men, too, and nobody thought diddly squat about it. We could have been living in Bulgaria, the fat person's capital of the world, for all anybody cared about it.

But I think these people are wrong when they say Americans actually discriminate against fat people. Unless you're trying out for the Martha Graham Dance Company or something

— where I understand they do have a problem with 180-pound ballerinas — I think that generally the *opposite* is true. Americans *love* fat. We loved Jackie Gleason. We love Roseanne Barr, no matter how much she gains or loses. We love Oprah, whether she's dieting or not. We love John Candy. We loved John Belushi. We love Kathy Bates (who is not really fat, but she's above average for a movie star). We love Jonathan Winters and W.C. Fields and "Junior" on "Hee Haw."

It's actually the skinny people we don't like.

You can take people who would never dare make a comment about how fat someone was, put them in a room with, say, Mariah Carey or Christie Brinkley or the latest Playmate-of-the-Month, and watch the fur fly. "Anorexic" is the nicest thing they'll say.

"She's so skinny it's unnatural.

I think it's grotesque."

"I'll bet she's had plastic surgery."

"Look how big her butt is."

"She wears too much makeup for my taste."

"She looks like a snob to me."
And these are all people who
don't even know the woman!

Wives can get all bent out of shape if one of these thin women walks into the room, and their husband pays attention to her. But one reason the husbands *notice* is that, nine times out of ten, these women need to be *protected*.

Isn't it just possible that, once in a while, a thin woman could show up at a party, and that could simply be her natural weight, and she could be happy, and healthy, and normal, and just like the rest of us?

They talk about how we worship beauty.

We're mean to beauty.

I have a cable TV show, and sometimes we hire actresses and models to work on it. Most of these women work hard every day of their lives, like athletes, to keep their bodies in top physical condition. But when they walk

onto the set, I have to *pray* that they don't hear the comments that are gonna be made by some of the staff and crew. They're instant outcasts. They've done too good a job.

Isn't this a little weird?

Shouldn't it be equally okay to be fat or skinny or athletic or non-athletic or whatever?

Lay off the skinny people.
They didn't do anything to you.
Think of it this way:
Maybe they can't help it, either.



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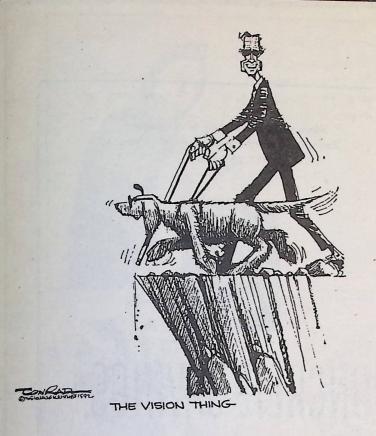
Hard times call for hard choices...

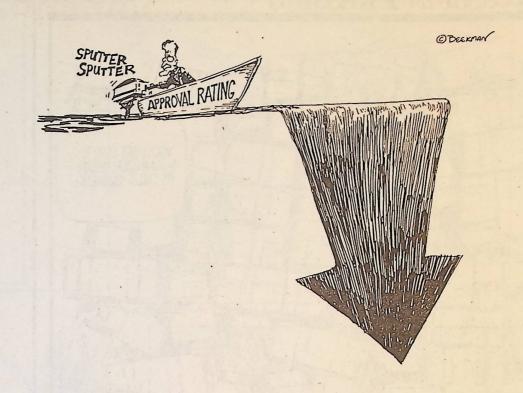
Summer is slow, revenues are low...

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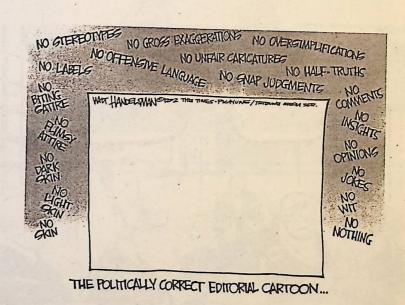
We wondered, "What if everybody who reads the Comic News sent us a dollar?" (or more if you really want to!)

Then (even if only half of the Comic News readers sent us a dollar) we could keep ciodler. The poblitical problem on bringing all the news you need to see SUPPLING THE POBLIC TO THE ALL OF THE POBLIC THE ALL OF THE POBLIC THE POBLI



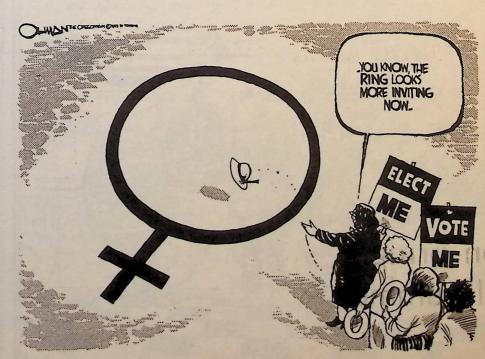






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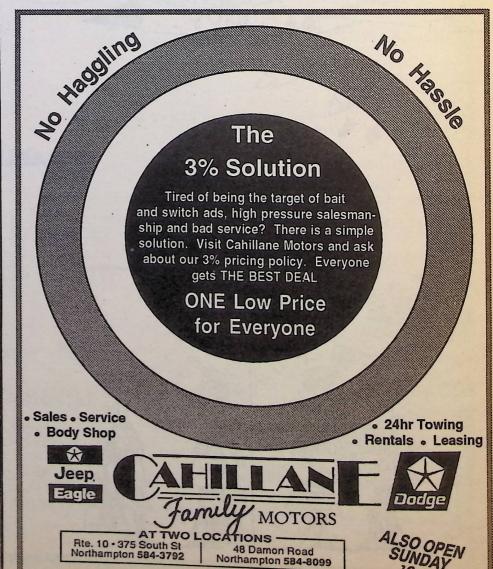


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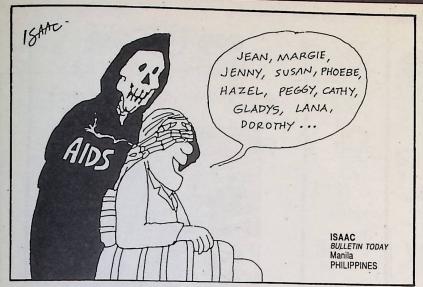


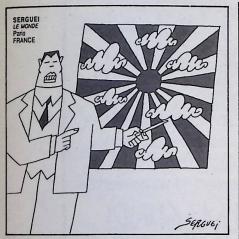
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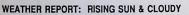


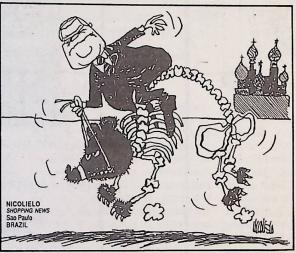
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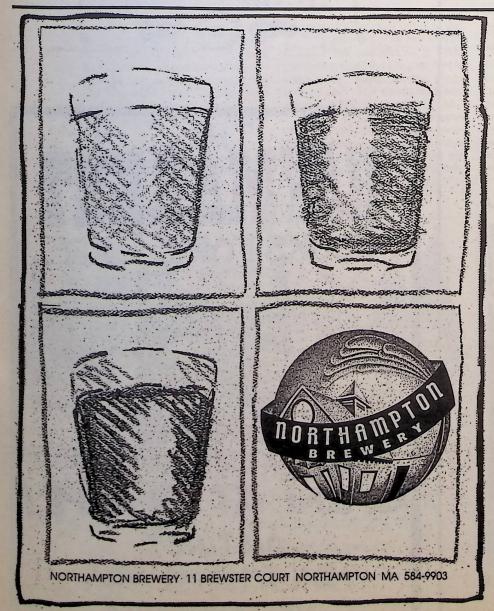


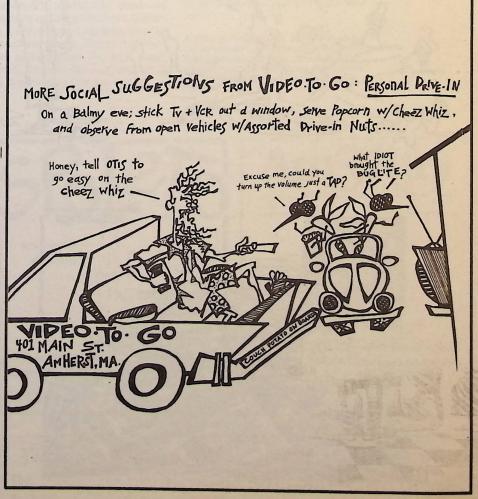












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Weather Woes

Several days of unrelenting heat, severe thunderstorms, tornadoes and flash flooding plagued various locations from the American Midwest to the Atlantic Seaboard. One twister destroyed 12 homes and injured at least 28 people as it skirted the Indiana town of Kendallville. At Marion, in northern Indiana, heavy rain brought the Mississinewa River to more than five feet above flood stage, stranding about 1,000 people in a mobile home park. A blistering heat wave raised temperatures to above 100 degrees from Pennsylvania to Georgia and is blamed for at least four deaths.

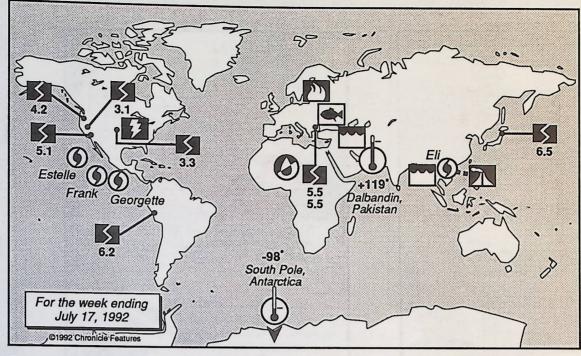
Marine Kill

Ukrainian marine biologists reported the mass death of fish, shrimp and crab in the Azov Sea, which borders the Black Sea. Scientists believe it is the result of a local factory's discharge of hazardous chemicals, but no traces of poisonous substances have been found in the dead wildlife. This is the second mass kill within the past two years — the last was caused by unusually warm water temperatures which reached 80 degrees. Recent temperatures have been at a near-normal 68 degrees.

Tropical Storms

Heavy rains from typhoon Eli unleashed a 10-foot-high wall of mud and stone that rushed down Lankaya River at the foot of Mt. Pinatubo volcano. No one was injured by the flow, or from the storm's 90-mph winds. Eli's rains were welcomed by officials who were worried that reservoirs supplying Manila's eight million people were rapidly drying up due to drought. The storm later lost force over northern Vietnam.

Hurricanes Estelle, Frank and Georgette formed over the warm Pacific waters off Central America.



Eruption

Mount Pinatubo volcano erupted with plumes of steam and a flow of lava which poured into the crater lake on the mountaintop. The Philippine Institute of Volcanology and Seismology issued an alert for communities around Pinatubo after the moderate eruption. Scientists believe that the volcano is rebuilding its dome, and that a violent explosion, similar to the one last June, is unlikely.

Floods

Iranian radio reported that three days of heavy rainfall and storms in Gilan province caused the Caspian Sea to flood 3,000 houses, offices, shops and schools. The downpours also inundated 120 acres of farm land.

Tens of thousands of Burmese refugees were lashed by heavy monsoon rains which spread waterborne diseases through their squalid encampments in southern Bangladesh.

Wildfires

Hundreds of volunteers in the Baltic nation of Latvia joined professional firefighters and soldiers to battle dozens of forest fires, including one near a former Soviet military base that still stores nuclear weapons. Months of cloud-free skies have left much of northern Europe tinder-dry. The severe drought and heat wave also sparked fires in peat bogs near the Latvian capital of Riga.

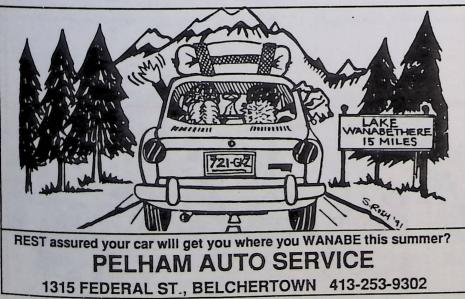
Earthquakes

Two earthquakes rocked the Mus and Erzurum regions of eastern Turkey within seven hours, destroying 15 homes and damaging 27 others. Quakes and aftershocks continued to rumble beneath Southern California. Earth movements were also felt in northern Japan, Tonga, northern Peru and southern Ecuador, westcentral Nevada, Kansas and along the Washington-Oregon border.

Drought Debauch

Police in the North African nation of Niger arrested 16 people caught making love in cattle troughs left bone-dry by an extended drought across most of the continent. Police pounced on the pairs after Muslim clerics in Nkonni village charged that their "illicit" activities were hampering the effectiveness of collective prayers for rain. The previous week, residents of Zinder stripped scantily-clad young women in public after sages said the girls were holding off the rain with their "indecent" dress. Late rains spell disaster for Niger's farming communities concentrated along the fringes of the Sahara desert. Anyone suspected of arousing the wrath of God is traditionally denounced and chastised.

Additional Sources: U.S. National Hurricane Center at Miami, U.S. Military Joint Typhoon Warning Center at Guam, U.S. Climate Analysis Center, U.S. Earthquake Information Center and the World Meteorological Organization.





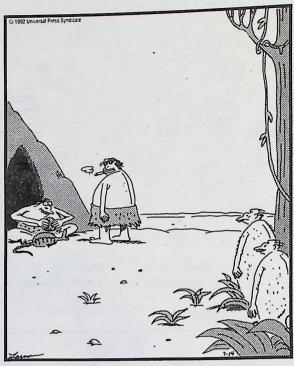


Yo, local people: Local Heroes wants you! Be zany, be political, be alternative, be funny!

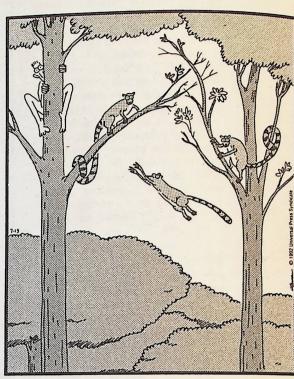
THE FAR SIDE BY GARY LARSON



"OK, Mr. Hook. Seems you're trying to decide between a career in pirating or massage therapy. Well, maybe we can help you narrow it down."



Drawn by the pulsating sound of a rock thumping on a dead armadillo, two Australopithecines stood at the forest edge. Instantly, Thag's agent knew they had a crossover hit.



Although never achieving the fame of his African counterpart, Larry of the Lemurs was a common sight to natives of Madagascar.

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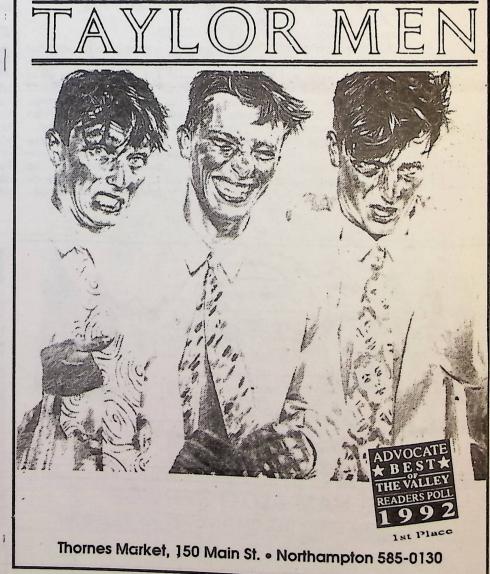


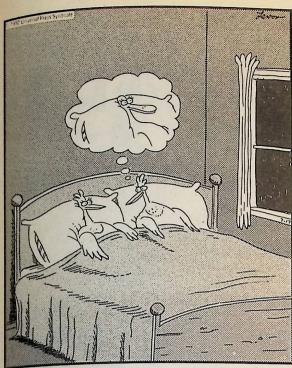
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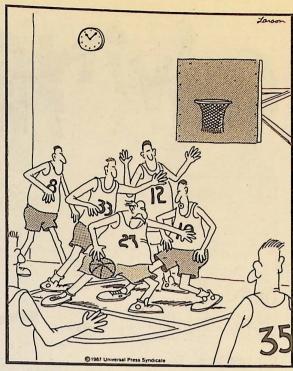
Chicken sexual fantasies



Tarantula coffeehouses



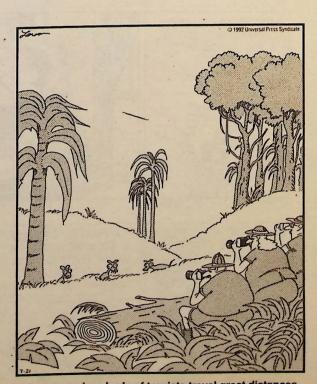
Non-singing canaries have to take wood shop



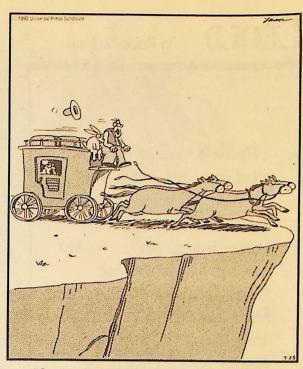
Unbeknownst to most historians, Einstein started down the road of professional basketball before an ankle injury diverted him into science.



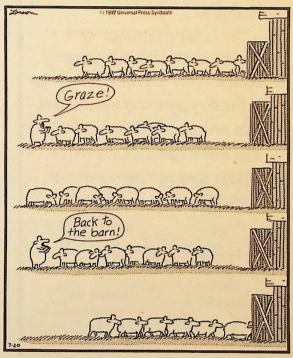
Wheel spokesmodels



Every year, hundreds of tourists travel great distances to get a glimpse of the few remaining mountain chihuahuas.



"Go ahead and jump, Sid! Hell — I know you're thinkin' it!"



He was king of the sheep



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LEOLD

BY ROGER SALLOOM

My uncle Marshall Petain is a great guy. His father was Christian, his mother was Jewish and his half brother was half Muslim and half Hindu. His half brother's mother was half Protestant Irish and half Catholic Irish. Her father was half Armenian and the other half Turkish, but her great grandmother was half black African and one half white south Bostonian.

Our family gatherings were always warm and understanding because they all spoke Esperanto.

The only problems we ever had was when a friend of the family, who was a humanist, showed up. I guess they saw him as an outsider.

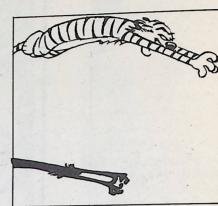


20 July 23, 1992 . The Valley Comic News

COLVIES HOBES







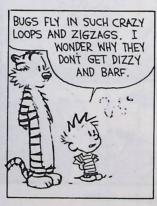














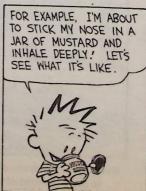




















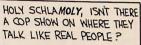




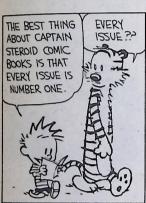
THOU DOST WRONG ME! FAITH, I KNOW NOT WHERE I WANDER. METHINKS THE MOST CAPRICIOUS ZEPHYR HATH MORE DESIGN THAN I. BUT LO: DO NOT DETAIN ME, FOR I AM RESOLV'D TO QUIT THIS PLACE FORTHWITH.



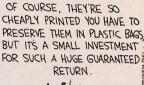












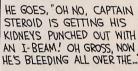






HE SPOILS ALL THE GOOD PARTS TOO! HE YELLS OUT WHATS HAPPENING WHILE HE'S READING!











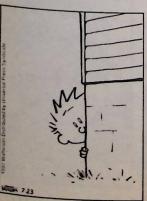
SHE DOESN'T REALIZE THAT COMIC BOOKS DEAL WITH SERIOUS ISSUES OF THE DAY TODAY'S SUPERHEROES FACE TOUGH MORAL DILEMMAS.



COMIC BOOKS ARENT JUST ESCAPIST FANTASY. THEY'RE SOPHISTICATED SOCIAL CRITIQUES















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humor me by Izzy Gesell

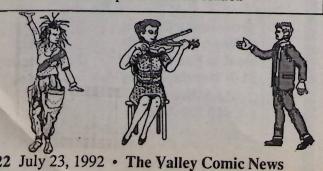
(While Izzy is on vacation, we are reprinting some of our favorite columns.)

Recently released brain research indicates that although men and women process information in a similar manner, the interpretation of that information differs greatly from gender to gender. This seems to be another case of common knowledge being repackaged under the guise of scientific breakthrough. We all know that men and women have different criteria in assessing aspects of life. A woman once told me that I possessed the one quality every woman wanted in a man. "What's that," I asked? "The ability to make passionate, sensitive, creative love and not fall asleep immediately after I'm done?" "No," she chuckled. "Well, is it the fact that I'm the only male who actually likes to go food shopping and is not embarrassed to use coupons?" "No, dear," she said as her eyes rolled toward the goddess. "It's the fact that you put the toilet seat down when you leave the bathroom." Guys, it is a truism that you could be Charlie Manson's NASTY brother and, by putting the toilet seat down before you exit, you'll find a woman who not only loves you, she'll brag about you to her friends.

Most women think men purposefully leave the seat up to piss them off. That's not true. New scientific studies prove it's genetic. That's right. We lack the gene that gives us the ability to put the seat down. In its place, men can do something that women cannot: speed through all 36 channels on the remote control in less than 30 seconds and at the same time describe exactly what each show is about. Watch a man and woman sitting together in front of a television set. Odds are, he's holding the remote and is zooming around the dial faster than time-lapse photography in a Disney nature film. She's going, "WAIT! WAIT! WAIT! WAIT! I WANT TO SEE THAT! I WANT TO SEE THAT!" "No you don't," he says. "Besides, I just want to see the score."

When the woman finally does get control of the remote, she clicks and pauses. She then chooses what to watch based on actually seeing something and making some kind of rational decision related to whether what she sees is what she wants. This may take as much as a few seconds, a time lapse that invariably cause the man next to her to twitch. His hand starts to shake, and he lunges toward the channel clicker. "GIVE ME THAT! YOUR TIME'S UP! YOU'RE TOO SLOW! I NEED IT NOW!" This behavior is evidence of RCA (Remote Control Addiction). There are treatment centers located in rural areas without cable access but these are very expensive and usually only for the rich and powerful.

Don't despair though. Amidst all this bad news comes some good news. It is now possible to remedy the male inability to put the toilet seat down through a device that hooks the seat up to the remote control.



DONES BY G.B. TRUDEAU





























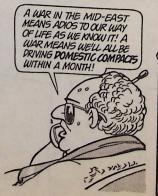








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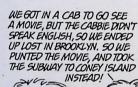


































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